HYMNS

FOR

YOUNG CHILDREN.



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HYMNS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.







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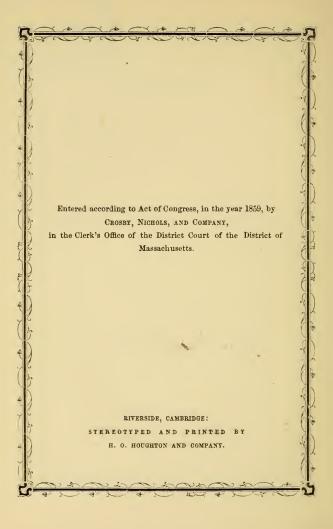
YOUNG CHILDREN.

By Mr. Faskman.

BOSTON:

WILLIAM V. SPENCER.

M.DCCC.LXVII.



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HYMNS.

GOD MADE ME.

I now am but a little child;

My hands are weak, my strength is small;

Yet I can seek, and I can love,

The Lord Almighty, God of all.

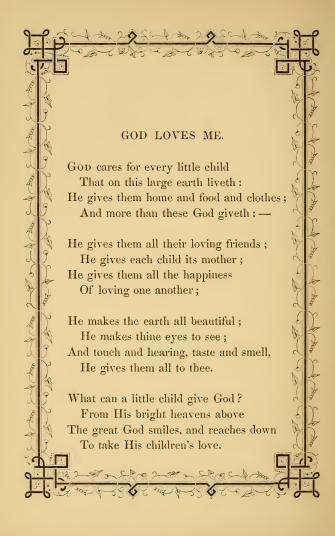
He gave my life to me at first;

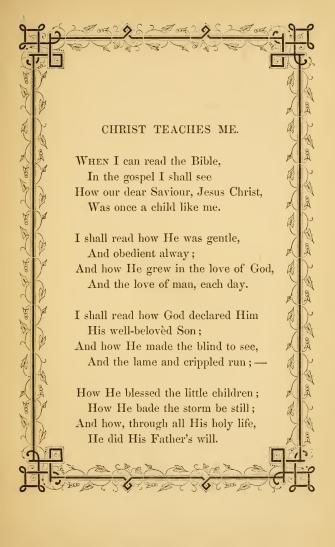
He loves the little child He made;

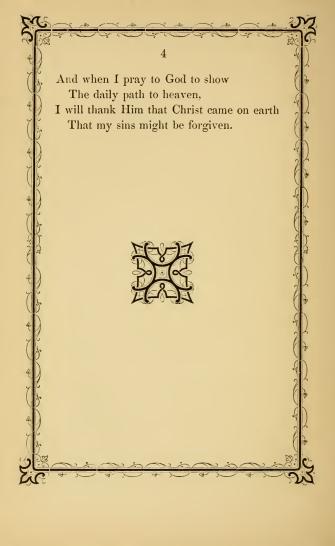
He keeps me safe through all the day,

And guards me when in sleep I'm laid.

If I obey and love His law,He'll teach me all I need to know,And take me in His arms on highWhen I have lived my life below.







GOD SEES ME.

THROUGH all the busy daylight, through all the quiet night,

Whether the stars are in the sky, or the sun is shining bright;

In the nursery, in the parlor; in the street, or on the stair,—

Though I may seem to be alone, yet God is always there.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see Him not,
Yet God sees me.

He knows each word I mean to speak, before the word is spoken;

He knows the thoughts within my heart, although I give no token.

When I am naughty, then I grieve my heavenly Father's love;

And, every time I really try, He helps me from above.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see Him not,
Yet God sees me.

I have kind and tender parents; I have many loving friends:

But none love me as God loves me; and all that's good He sends.

I will walk as God shall lead me, while the sun is in the sky;

And lay me down, and sleep in peace, beneath His watchful eye.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see Him not,
Yet God sees me.

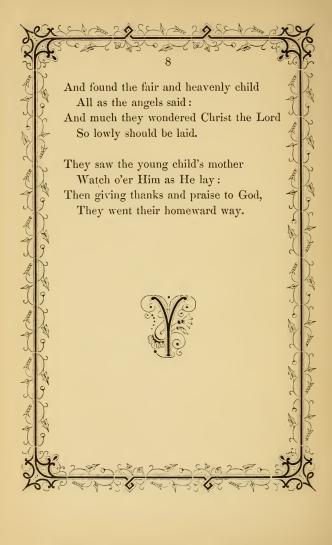
THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

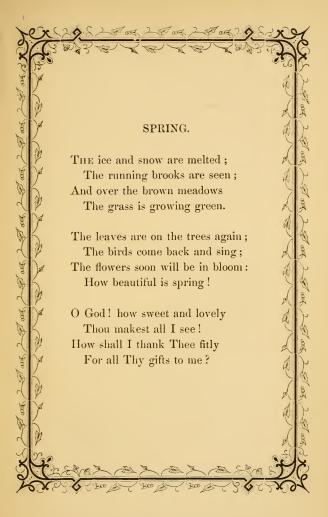
ONCE, in the land of Palestine,
In the dark, quiet night,
Some shepherds, who were watching sheep,
Saw a great shining light.

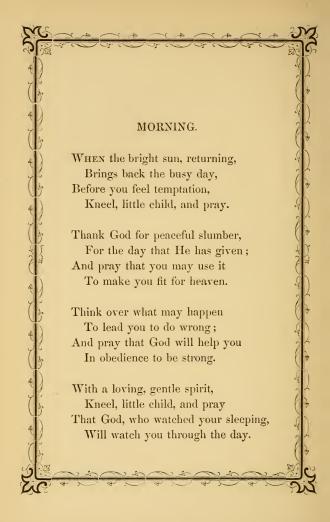
And with the light an angel came, Who spake a mighty word,— That Christ was born in Bethlehem, And He should be the Lord.

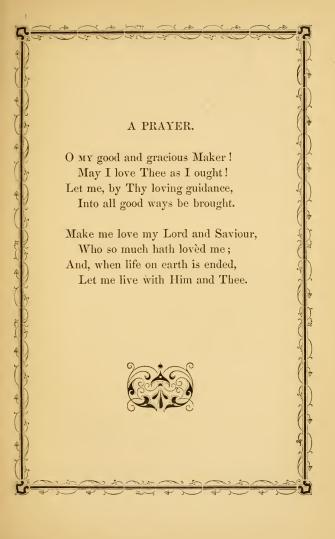
Then suddenly a glorious host
Shone, singing in the sky,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
Glory to God on high!"—

And told the shepherds they should find Christ in a manger laid. The shepherds straight to Bethlehem Went, as the angels bade,—









EVENING.

The day of work and play is done:
The time has come for sleep:
O God! through all the hours of night
Do Thou thy children keep!

Through all the day, by Thy command,
The sun shines bright and clear;
And now, at night, by Thy command,
The shining stars appear.

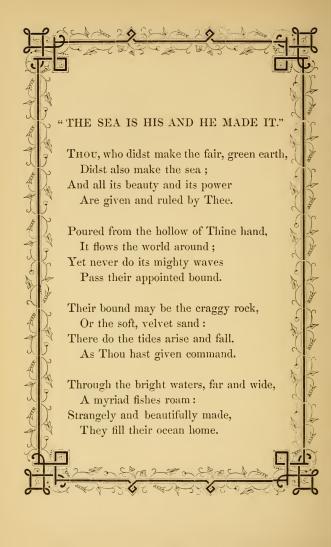
Thou, whom the sun and stars obey,
Dost also care for me:
I pray that Thou wouldst make me rest
Through this night quietly.

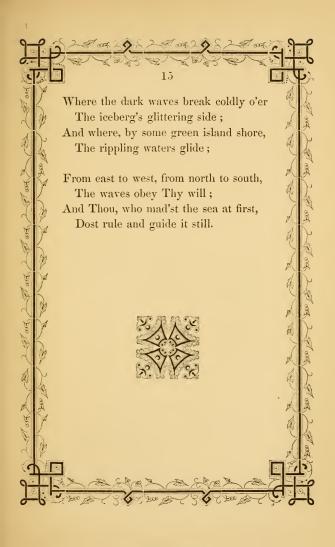
Forgive what I've done wrong this day;
Help me to better things;
And keep me in Thy sheltering love,
As birds 'neath mothers' wings.

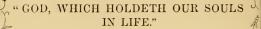


Now that the light of day is gone, Keep me from foolish fear; And let me close my eyes in peace, Assured that Thou art near.









When I was first a living child, God gave my life to me; And every hour that I live He giveth graciously.

For growing better, every day,
My life on earth was given;
And, when my body dies, my soul
Shall live with God in heaven.

A faithful and obedient child The Lord will surely bless; And, after death, the soul will live With Him in happiness.

I cannot tell how long my lifeUpon this earth may be;But I know my spirit's life will lastTo all eternity.

I will thank God, my Father,
For all His gifts to me, —
For all the pleasant things I have,
The lovely sights I see;

But I will thank Him more than all,
That, when my body dies,
He promises to take my soul
Unto His paradise.

There, with the dear ones who are dead,
And so are gone before,
And with our blessed Saviour, Christ,
Is life for evermore.



CHRISTMAS.

'TIS Christmas Day! Glad voices
Repeat the pleasant sound;
And happy faces in our home,
And loving looks, abound.
Why do we thus greet Christmas morn?
It is the day that Christ was born.

With little gifts that tell our love,
With garlands on the wall,
With thankful hearts and helpful hands,
We keep a festival.
Why do we thus keep Christmas morn?
It is the day that Christ was born.

Full eighteen hundred years ago,
Christ Jesus came on earth,
He came, He lived, He died for us;
We thank God for His birth;
And therefore we keep Christmas morn,
The day our Saviour, Christ, was born.

And on this Christmas morning,
When the frost is at the door,
Dear child! in your warm pleasant home,
Think of the sick and poor:
So shall you well keep Christmas morn,
The day our Saviour, Christ, was born.

Christ healed the sick, and helped the poor,
When He was on the earth:
Do what you can to be like Him
This morning of His birth;
Help some one to keep Christmas morn,
The day your Saviour, Christ, was born.









THE RESURRECTION.

It was early in the morning
On the first day of the week,
When three loving women hastened
Their buried Lord to seek.

As they came into the garden
By the early light of day,
They saw that from the sepulchre
The stone was rolled away.

They looked into the sepulchre
In wonder and in fear —
And there sat a shining angel
Who said "He is not here."

"He is not here but risen"
Were the words the angel said
Of the well-beloved Master
Whom they had mourned as dead.

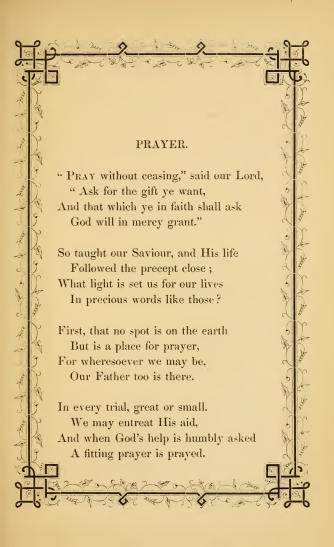


Then homeward the three women
Went wondering away —
And the angel sits beside the tomb
For all men since that day.

For, as our Lord has risen,So shall His followers riseFrom the grave where we have laid themUnto Him in Paradise.

And Christians all bear record,
Of "the Lord's Day," as they speak
Of our Saviour's resurrection
On the first day of the week.





No mortal heart may know our need, No mortal help be near, But even our unspoken word Will reach our Father's ear.

We need not seek for solitude
To pray with anxious care,
Wherever duty leads our steps
Is our fit place for prayer.

To each of us temptation comes,
And when we see the snare,
And even when our feet have slipped
Is the fit hour for prayer.

When we are joyful in the life
Which God has made so fair,
A loving thought, "We thank Thee, Lord,"
Is an accepted prayer.

So in our times of trouble,
Of labor, or of care,
Breathed from the bottom of our heart,
"Lord! help us," is a prayer.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

"Bear ye each other's burdens,"—
Whoever hears that word
Hath a commandment spoken straight
Unto him, by the Lord.

And something that is helpful
We each of us can do;
Not only men and women
But every one of you.

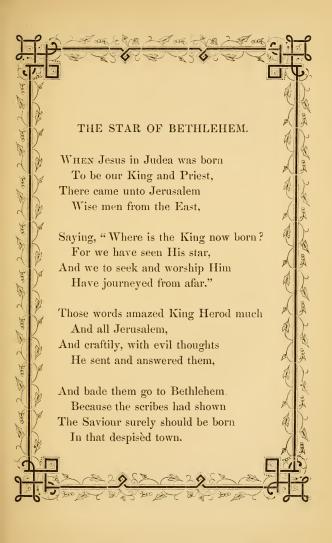
For many are the burdens
That on our lives are laid,
And many times in many ways
We each of us can aid.

Whatever weight our brother has Of sorrow or of care,— That is his burden,—that it is Our love should help him bear. Perhaps by active service,
Perhaps by kindly thought,
Perhaps by simply loving
Our purpose may be wrought.

Free footsteps for the weary,
Low voices for the sick,
And in the little rubs of life
A kindly thought and quick.

Devices for the fractious child,
Patience with those that tease,
Oh! dearest children, do not say
"What little things are these!"

Begin with little labors
Fit for your little strength,
So grow in grace — until ye hear
Your Lord's "Well done" at length.



Then went the Wise Men on their way,
And lo! the lonely star
Moved on before them as they moved,
And led them from afar.

Joyful were they to see this star, And straight it led the way, Until it stood above the house Wherein the young child lay.

They entered in and saw the child,
And then, as it was meet,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense
They laid before His feet.

And worshipped Him who was the Lord, Then they departed home, But warned of God they chose a way By which they did not come.

LUKE XVIII. 35.

Beside the road to Jericho, upon a summer day,

A poor blind man sits begging of those that pass that way;

He hears the footsteps of a crowd, and when he asketh why,

They answer him that Jesus of Nazareth goes by:

He cannot reach Him for the crowd, His face he cannot see,

But he cries "Oh, son of David, have mercy upon me."

Those that go by rebuke him, and bid him hold his peace,

But not for their rebuking will Bartimeus cease;

And again, amid the multitude, he cries out earnestly,

"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me."

The Saviour pauses on His way, that piteous cry to hear,

And straightway gives commandment to bring the blind man near.

"What wilt thou that I do to thee?" the gracious Saviour says;

"Lord, that I may receive my sight," the man, believing, prays.

"Thy faith hath saved thee," saith the Lord; then speaks,—"Receive thy sight;"

And thereupon the blind man can see the lovely light,

The summer skies above him, the crowd that fills the place,

And lift his thankful eyes unto his gracious Saviour's face.



FOREST HYMN.

You have read how God made all the earth,
And saw that it was good,
Now come, my precious children,
With me into the wood.

There in each graceful flower, In every stately tree, God's fine and curious handiwork Our loving eyes may see.

The pleasant path leads winding on
Through glancing light and shade,
And like a carpet for our feet
The brown pine leaves are laid.

An arch is bent above our heads
With boughs of many trees,
And down the glade the broad green fern
Is waving in the breeze.

Beside the path in clusters close The starry mosses stand; Millions of tiny plants and each Fashioned by God's own hand.

The slender roots that spread so wide,
The stalks upspringing tall,
Fine folded leaves, and blossoms bright,
He has contrived them all.

The life that is in every tree,
In every velvet sod,
The growth that is so wonderful
Is given all by God.

And He has given this wondrous world To be enjoyed by you; Rejoice, my darlings, in the wood, And oh! be thankful too!



The multitude was gathered by the sea of Galilee

The Saviour's blessed words to hear, His wondrous works to see,

And all day long He taught them, as they crowded on the strand,

From a little open vessel, just pushed off from the land.

He looked upon the people who had come from far and near,

He knew the different reasons that had gathered them to hear,

He saw them eager outwardly, He knew their inmost need,

And He told them of the sower that went out to sow his seed;

Of the stony ground, the shallow soil, the wanderers of the air,

And the few seeds on the good soil that sixty fold did bear.

The holy Teacher framed His words with care and gracious art,

That the parable might catch the ear and sink into the heart.

At nightfall He was weary, and, as the day was o'er,

Bade His disciples put across unto the other shore.

They pushed from land, they took their way across the waters deep,

And in the hind part of the boat the Saviour lay asleep.

Not yet its twilight passage did the little boat perform

When down upon that fickle sea there swept a sudden storm;

The sky is dark, the wind is fierce, the wild waves fill the boat,

"Master," they cry, in mortal fear, "we perish, carest Thou not?"

Ah, fools and blind! to tremble thus beside their loving Lord!

He rose and the wild tempest was silent at His word;

He chid the wind and the wind hushed, the frowning sky was cleared,

And He said to His disciples "How is it that ye feared?"

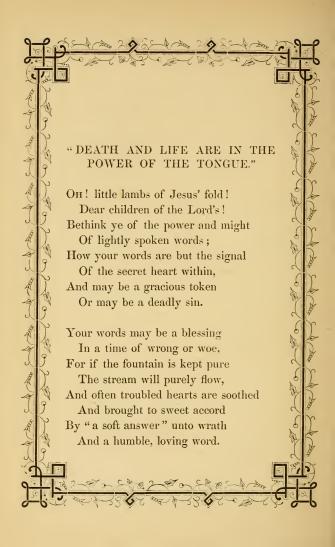
"Have ye no faith?" Dear children, in the tempests of our life,

When stormy wills or sorrowing hearts fill all our way with strife,

Be not fearful nor disheartened though the waves your boat should fill,

Be sure if Christ hath sent you forth, that He the storm can still.





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A word may be a blasphemy, A word may be a lie,

A word may smirch the pure young heart With a stain of deepest dye;

And a word may speak forgiveness For a sore slight or wrong,

A word may be a heartfelt prayer To God to make you strong.

With words ye bless your Saviour,
With words ye tell His love,
With words ve speak the thoughts that roy

With words ye speak the thoughts that rove' Around, beneath, above;

In words as well as in the heart Our sin may be confest,

And words are messengers from us

To the hearts that love us best.

For blessing or for evil,

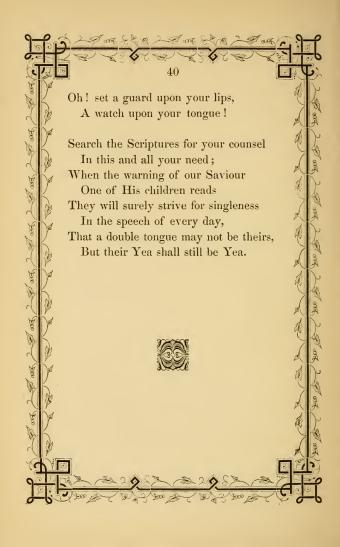
To bewilder or to teach,

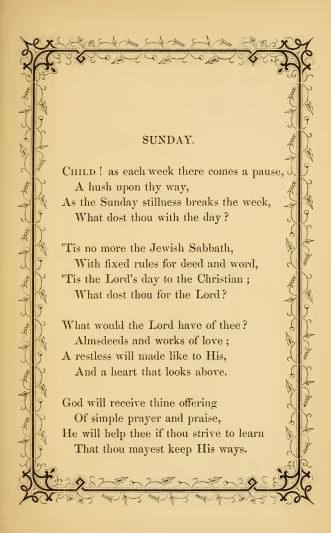
For guidance or for stumbling,

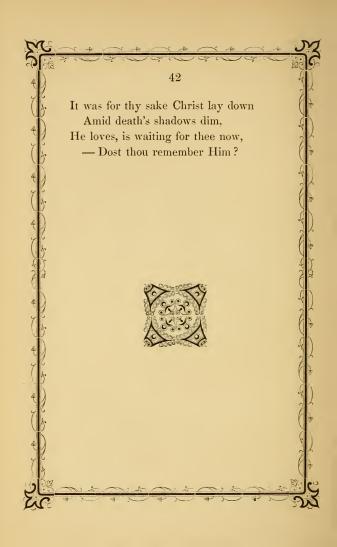
A mighty power is speech;

And before ye fall on evil ways,

Now, while your life is young,







"JESUS SAITH UNTO HIM, I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

Many words we speak to thee.

Many a rule is given,
That thou mayest thy birthright win,
Oh! young heir of Heaven.

Yet one rule will teach the whole, One word shall abide, Child! in all thy wants and ways Keep by Jesus' side.

Him, thy loving Master,
Him, thy tenderest friend,
Him, the Saviour of thy soul,
Follow to the end.

Nought shall stop thine onward way,
No mischance can harm,
So thou do but keep within
The guiding of His arm.



The night is o'er, and the darkness
Has fled like the dreams of night,
Thanks, Father, for the morning,
For Thy daily gift of light.

Every hour a blessing

Comes from Thy hand to me,
Oh! in the joy of my childhood

May I use them, remembering Thee.

Give me such love of Thy children,
My brethren here upon earth,
As shall make me not hinderer, but helper,
In all of my labor or mirth.

All my appointed duty
Give me the heart to fulfil:
Be Thou the guide of my footsteps,
Be Thou a law to my will.

Through the darkness and silence Safe in Thy presence I lay, Now, in daylight and freedom, Leave not my steps to stray.

And oh! when I stray, forgive me!
Call me again to Thy side,
Make me Thy loving servant
For the sake of Him who died.





Another day is numbered with the past, Another night is given us for rest, Father, my spirit at Thy feet I cast, Oh! gather it unto Thy loving breast.

Look on its failures, efforts, and mistakes,
Look on its inward stubborn roots of sin,
See how the law that it accepts, it breaks,
Lord! to Thy secret presence take it in!

Nightly, Thou sendest rest to all the earth,
Sendest a time for silence and returning,
Oh, Father! teach me all the holy worth
Of the still hours when Thy clear stars are
burning.

Thou givest me rest that with the day's beginning

I may rise strong and fresh for the new day,

So, purged and rested from its frequent sinning,

May my soul rise prepared for its strait way.

Bless those that love me, those that love me not,

Strengthen the feeble and uplift the grieving,

Send to Thy children, in whatever lot,

Riches, and peace, and strength in true believing.

So to Thy arms my body I commit,

My weary body to Thine arms outspread:

Prepare me to accomplish what is fit,

And peace and pureness watch beside my bed.

THE END.











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